

Joseph OlpinViolet Larsson

The four years between my birth, September 24, 1897, and that of my sister, May, does not represent incompatibility on the part of our parents, nor "family planning." This space represents the faith of our parents, Edwin Dee and Inez Melissa Robison Olpin.

Father had had a letter from Box B (famous in its day for surprise mission calls from the Presidency of the Church), calling him to the Southern States Mission.

I am so happy that they had the faith and courage to find a way, with four small children and almost no visible resources, to accept and fulfill that difficult, two year call.

One thing I remember while Father was gone--I was outside the corral fence, screaming with earache while Mother tried to comfort me as she milked the cow. I recall the acute pain and that, when through, she picked me up with the milk, went to the house, and immediately cured my ailment.

Her marvelous ability to comfort and cure brought me home on "The Orem" from a job in Salt Lake City, when an adult, for relief from earache.

Personal Record

Blessed	5 December 1897 by Swen L. Swenson
Baptized	30 September 1905 by James Edward Bush
Confirmed	1 October 1905 by Joseph Daniel Wadley
Patriarchal	
Blessing	11 June 1916 by Warren B. Smith
Ordinations:	
Deacon	30 December 1907 by Edwin D. Olpin
Teacher	31 January 1913 by Edwin D. Olpin
Priest	5 February 1914 by Edwin D. Olpin
Elder	18 May 1916 by Edwin D. Olpin
Seventy	26 June 1920 by Junius A. West

Church Activities

1910	Secretary of Deacon's Quorum
1912	President of Deacon's Quorum
1913	President of Teacher's Quorum

Cousin Ray Olpin and I were ward teachers, as boys, to eighteen homes on South State Road (usually three nights). I am sure I have never done better teaching. We loved it.

I was a Sunday School teacher with Roxy Adams, 1912-1916.

Mission--Northern States, 14 June 1916--Virgil Bullock and I had our "farewell" together and went to Chicago together. (We had been pals.) Our president was German E. Ellsworth whom I have always loved. I later served as president of the Northern Indiana Conference.

This mission, just after high school, was one of the very great blessings of my life. I am eternally grateful that my teachings and my

Svea Emerensia Violet Larsson was born April 15, 1899, at Tidaholm, Skaraborg, Sweden, to Ernst Ignatius and Elsa Matilda Persson Larsson. She was baptized October 25, 1908, at Copenhagen, Denmark, by Peter H. Westenskow and confirmed the same day by Lorentz Peterson.

At age three, Mother, my sister Elsa, and I moved to Karlstad; at five, to Falun in the "Land of the Midnight Sun"; and at six, to Halsingborg.

When I was seven years old, we moved to Falster, Denmark, where work was more plentiful. Mother was a tailor, having learned that trade in her teens.

While spending an evening with a young couple who lived in our apartment house, two Mormon missionaries came to the door. One of the missionaries was a cousin to the young wife we were visiting. He had been sent by his folks in Utah.

Many other visits resulted, but the young couple was not at all interested. My mother on the other hand was. She had spent many months in a seminary studying for the ministry. She had planned to go to China as a missionary. When she graduated, a certificate of permission had to be signed by her folks. As her father was dead, her oldest brother refused to give her permission to leave. Thus, being well versed in the Bible, she always had her questions and answers ready. Finally, as it usually happens when one tries to confuse someone, she converted herself.

We moved up to the Church headquarters at Copenhagen, where my mother and I were baptized. We had been members of the state church (Lutheran). My sister was not yet eight years old. Glad for the true Gospel, we were anxious to "gather to Zion" which we did the next year.

In October of 1909, we started for Zion. The morning we finished packing, Mother developed a severe eye infection. Her eyes were red and pained her very much. After many changes from boat to train, we finally reached the west coast of Denmark where we would embark for England. Before we could go aboard, we had thorough physical examinations. No one can imagine our feelings when Mother was rejected passage because of the eye infection. Here we were miles and miles away from anyone we knew, with all our earthly possessions in a large box made for the purpose, a bundle of blankets, and a suitcase of food.

Then appeared two LDS missionaries with an invitation to come and stay at mission headquarters--a large room where meetings were held, a small room where the elders slept, and a kitchenette.

We slept on the floor of the hall. The elders administered to Mother and she was completely healed; so, we met the next boat which left two weeks later. When the doctors examined Mother's eyes, they

faith made me, happily, say "yes."

Anti-Mormon bitterness, then great, was exploded into fury when our country entered World War I, April 6, 1917, ten months into my mission. As the war spirit grew, we became "slackers" and targets for slander and abuse. The great "Hoosier" people overlooked their own real slackers and vented their feelings on us. Elder Eugene Hortin of Oakley, Utah, and I knew a "rotten egging" and a "fresh egging" as did many other missionaries. Our class 5 (ministers and idiots) cards were scoffed at. My "Under Draft Age" certificate was of little help.

I am so proud that all of our Northern Indiana elders kept working, smiling, and loving until each was released in his turn; and then, each of us volunteered for the service immediately after.

I humbly pray that the spirit of missionary service may bless my family as it has blessed my father's children.

Upon release from my mission, my entire family met me at the train in Provo on my birthday; and before going home, I enlisted in the student army training corps then being organized at BYU.

We were mustered on October 21--discharged December 9, 1918. Armistice Day, November the 11th, saw a very great celebration in our camp, state, and nation.

I was in Company B Barracks--the Maeser Memorial Building, then the only good building on the upper campus. Company A was barracked in the ladies' gym on University Avenue. Flu struck our camp. At one time only three men were able to answer to the company call. Ernest Wilkinson and one other man were our nearest to being fatalities. Joe Jarvis came from Arizona to join. Rejected because he was short a thumb, he became our "nurse maid." I taught him how to administer to me and he was asked to so bless each man in camp. I am quite sure that our BY unit was the only one that had no flu deaths.

President Joseph F. Smith died and President Heber J. Grant was installed at this time.

Thus, began life-long friendships that were enriched when Joe, Ernie, and I, with Bill Jarvis, Joe's brother, lived a year in the basement apartment of Professor T. Earl and Katherine Pardoe. We boarded with the Pardoes. That was a good year.

Schooling

Graduated from Pleasant Grove High School, 1916

Business manager of the first Grovarian (yearbook), 1914-15

President of student body, 1915-16

Brigham Young University, 1918-20

Vice-President of student body

Business manager of White and Blue

(weekly student publication)

In both high school and college, I took part in dramatics which I loved. This privilege continued for years in ward and stake dramatics, then very popular.

were dumbfounded; and after everyone had been examined she was called back for another checkup. Of course, it wouldn't be hard to know how the three of us felt and prayed during these procedures.

At last! We were on our way to Zion! Two rough, hard days and nights from Esbjerg, Denmark, to the east coast of England exhausted us. You could not believe or describe the illness and filth of the North Sea voyage.

After a refreshing train ride to Liverpool, we had our first meal at a restaurant. Our Atlantic voyage was also rough and the quiet of the St. Lawrence River was welcome--as was food.

Our good friends, Ellen and B.J.L. Merk, of Denmark, had immigrated to Pleasant Grove, Utah, the year before. This brought us to Pleasant Grove this November of 1909 and back again seven years later--five months after Joe had left on his mission.

After a two week visit, we went on to Imbler, Oregon, where we lived for seven years. (Note--in September 1961, Inazelle, June, Violet, and I visited Imbler and LaGrande and found loving memories of Mom's childhood and youth. Everyone remembered her and retained great love and admiration for her. We were most welcome.--Joe)

In Imbler we all three learned the English language. (Violet and Elsa learned it perfectly and had absolutely no brogue.) School and church activities occupied our years. It was good to return in 1961 as Joe stated above.

Imbler was made up of people of all denominations and a handful of Mormons. Imagine the adjustment! Mother was never happy there. She could always remember Pleasant Grove and her fatherland.

That first winter was sad. Mother was ill all the time; finally she developed pneumonia and "brain fever." One night, we two girls were told that she had passed away. As we stood there gazing down at our "dead" mother, the bed springs at the head of the bed dropped to the floor throwing her almost onto the floor. We were, of course, all terribly startled. A miracle had been performed; Mother breathed again.

*Church Activities

I taught Primary in Imbler, Oregon, when I was eleven years old.

My class members were about eight years of age.

In Pleasant Grove at the age of sixteen, I taught a Sunday School class of twelve to fourteen-year-old young men and women.

I received my patriarchal blessing on May 27, 1917, from Warren B. Smith.

Schooling

Halsingborg, Sweden; Falster and Copenhagen, Denmark; Imbler, Oregon, schools attended.

Graduated from Pleasant Grove High School, 1918 (being a junior and senior during the same year).

Work

I was raised with a wonderful family; all of us were taught to work hard on a fruit and vegetable farm. I peddled produce with Father weekly to Bingham Canyon by wagon in the summers; later with my brother, Lew; and later, alone with my younger cousin, Clyde Robison, as my helper.

In April 1910, Father started his "undertaking business." He then bought out the stockholders in the Pleasant Grove Hearse Company which he had organized a few years earlier to serve the community. He now moved the "hearse house" and "horse hearse" from James O. Bullock's to our place. Lew and I would then wash the black mares, Kit and Nell, and drive the pretty white vehicle in funerals. Later, Father traded for Louie and Liddie, a white team. In 1923, the new Dodge motor hearse required a sizeable extension on the north end of the "hearse house" to make it a garage.

*One Memorial Day (Grandmother Ine's birthday) when Joe was eight years old, he and his family visited some relatives. While there, Joe, Ray, Matt Bezzant, and some older boys found and drank some cider from a barrel. It was past the cider stage and was real strong. The older boys were used to it, but Joe was not and "passed-out." The boys took him home in a wagon. When they got to the gate, one of the boys picked him up and carried him into the house. As he was handed to a family member, anxious questions of concern filled the room. The inquiry ceased abruptly with a flat explanation, "Nothing is wrong with him except he is dead drunk." As Joe began to rouse, Lew whispered, "Joe! Joe! Where'd you get it?"

I suppose that it would be egotistical for us to evaluate Ed's and Ine's harvest. In "my book" their crops were superlative. They were successful "husbandmen."

Listed are the five greatest tests or threats that they had to the success of their crops:

1. The announcement that Dick was "born in the family";
2. Lew's "runaway" to Idaho;
3. Lacy's shivaree;
4. Emma's romance with an "outsider";
5. Bell's decision to marry "Dad Miller and his family".

*Explanations

1. When Dick was "born into the family."

When Lew was released from his mission, he wrote home and told the family he had been given a child, a little boy, to bring home with him. The family talked about it and decided that it might not be the best thing to do, so they tried to get in touch with Lew to give him word not to bring the boy, but they were already on the sea. Dick then grew up in the family until he was old enough to go on a mission himself. He was then called to go to New Zealand and stayed in that country following his mission. He married Polly and they have raised

Graduated from the LDS Hospital School of Nursing, December 1, 1921.

I earned my schooling by doing housework, picking fruit, working at a cannery, etc. When I once refused to pick berries on Sunday, but offered to pick on the Fourth of July, my future father-in-law (I had not yet met Joe) was present and complimented me on keeping my standards.

Wonderful friendships were formed in my nursing experience. As an example--our class (as many classes) vowed we would "keep in touch." We called it KIT. Well, today, fifty years later, our circular letters make the rounds of our current dozen members three times a year. This summer (1971) we met at the home of Nora Anderson Bullock in Salt Lake City for our fiftieth anniversary celebration.

During my first year in training (the winter of 1918-19) came the shocking, world-wide flu epidemic. Schools, churches, even general conference--all public gatherings were closed. Sudden death struck everywhere. Schools, dance halls, etc., became "hospitals." Doctors and nurses were not immune. At one time, thirty-seven of our nurses were patients on our unfinished seventh floor; two of them died. Everyone, in all places, was required to wear a surgical mask.

*Courtship

I began nurses' training at the LDS Hospital after graduating from Pleasant Grove High School. Joe had just returned from his mission and was on the invitation committee for the high school homecoming celebration. He sent my invitation and added a note saying that he would like to meet me. He signed it "classmate." That was the first thing that "ruffled my fur." I was not his classmate. We sort of bickered back and forth from then on.

I had made up my mind that I wouldn't get interested in anybody. Joe's sister, May, was in nurses' training with me, and had been a high school classmate with my sister, Elsa. May had written to Joe while on his mission about me and how she liked me, thus he had wanted to know more about me.

Our first meeting was at this class party. We began dating once in awhile. I was in Salt Lake. Joe quit school at the BYU and began working for the Deseret News. A big part of his job was traveling so they furnished him with a car. This also made it easier to visit me at the hospital.

I was not interested and had made up my mind that I wouldn't get interested. There were about six months that no matter how hard Joe tried to date me, I was always unavailable.

One day, the doorbell rang and I was the only one in the corner cottage, so I had to answer it and it was him. I was off for the afternoon and he asked if I would go to conference with him. We went downtown. We visited together on the mezzanine floor of Hotel Utah that afternoon instead of going to conference. He asked me to give

a good family and served faithfully in the Church. Through the years, there have been many occasions when members of the family have visited in New Zealand with Dick and Polly and always have been treated royally. One year, all the brothers and sisters pitched in to pay for Dick and Polly to make a trip to America. They were here a couple of weeks at that time, having visits with all, and attending Memorial Day. We learned, just recently, that both Dick and Polly have now passed away. What began as a great challenge turned out to be a great blessing in the lives of many.

2. Lew's "runaway" to Idaho.

When Lew was a teenager, he became very dissatisfied, as so many young people do. He heard about different young people who left home by taking the train and decided that was what he was going to do. He had a little suitcase that was called a telescope (it was a box like a suitcase which had another just like it for a lid) and he packed all his clothes in it. Somehow, his parents found out what he was planning to do and Grandpa told him that no son of his was going to go as a tramp. He handed him his wallet and told him to take enough money so that he could go like a gentleman. This gesture was exactly what Lew seemed to need, because he changed his mind completely. As an extra note here--I heard Dad tell us many times about Grandpa's purse. It wasn't exactly a wallet, but more like a big change purse that he always carried. Whenever anyone needed money, he would toss the purse to them and they were free to take what they needed. Dad felt his generosity was instrumental in making each one take just as little as they could get by with. When Mom and Dad visited Dick and Polly in New Zealand, he told them that it had always impressed him when Grandpa would hand his purse to those who needed money. He said he tried it once on his children and "that was that!"

3. Lacy's shivaree.

Shivarees in those days were a big thing and could go on for quite awhile. Lacy and LeGrande were going to take the train from American Fork to Salt Lake City to be married in the temple there. Lew and his gang got it in their heads to give them a bad time, so they got in a buggy and chased them part of the way much to the chagrin of the couple. They were able to be married, but when they returned there was more to come. As the gang increased their activities in giving a good shivaree, tempers began to flare--the young couple and those adults trying to protect them vs. the young crew who wanted to tease and torment. It seemed critical to Dad because there were actual "blows" that took place before the thing came to an end, and then it took some time for bad feelings to resolve themselves. We could all learn a good lesson from this.

4. Emma's romance with an "outsider."

Ace Boulter was not a member of the Church. His mother had been baptized, but his father was a nonmember, and the children had not

him another chance.

I prayed and wondered about it. I went down to the Church offices and asked the presiding patriarch, Hyrum G. Smith, for a blessing. He responded, "You don't need a blessing--go home and marry that young man!" That was my answer to my prayers.

I was off duty for a few days, so I went home to Pleasant Grove for a visit. I was washing everything, including the stockings that I had been wearing. In those days, they were heavy cotton. Joe came to the door and asked if I would go out with him that night. When he returned to his home, he told his sisters that I didn't even wear stockings. That was a terrible thing in those days. Again, Joe was in "hot water."

He tried to call me and I was never available. Finally, one day I was in surgery all "scrubbed-up," working for Dr. Goeltz. We heard, "Telegram for Miss Larsson; telegram for Miss Larsson." Everyone was so curious. Since I was "scrubbed," I had someone read it for me. Joe had telegraphed a lot of flowery poetry with the intent of making a date with me. Of course this nearly killed everyone in surgery, including me.

Later I had an appendectomy and I went home for a few weeks to recover. Lew, Joe's brother, suggested that I ride over to Provo to see Joe. Upon doing so, we found Joe on campus just leaving with a group for Aspen Grove to climb Timpanogos. Joe's date was Belle Smith (Spafford).

At about eight one evening, Joe came to take me for a ride. We drove into City Cemetery and were talking in his car. All at once, Joe placed a ring on my finger. As we were trying to return to get me back to the dorm by ten, we found the cemetery gate locked. Joe had to find the caretaker who wasn't a bit nice. I got back in the nick of time.

been brought up in the Church. The family was worried about Emma not being married in the temple. A quarterly conference was held in American Fork (Lehi, Pleasant Grove, and American Fork were all in the same stake) at which Stephan L. Richards was the speaker. His topic was on Celestial Marriage and Ace was at that meeting with Emma. The family was all present and they felt as if the talk was being given directly to Ace and Emma. Apparently, Ace had the same feelings, because he requested baptism following the meeting and a year later they were married in the temple.

5. Bell's decision to marry "Dad Miller and his family."

Bell was on a mission in California and there was a Miller family there that was very close to the missionaries. Sister Miller took ill and died and Brother Miller was looking for a mother for his family and asked Bell to marry him. She didn't have a romantic feeling for him but felt a duty. Then she found out accidentally that he had also proposed to another sister missionary. The two missionaries got together and compared notes and neither one of them married him. This was a real relief to the family--for they were not at all supportive of this proposal.



1921

Dear Violet:

A half a hundred years ago
 "The Lord of Vineyards" said,
 "Here's a potential garden spot--
 Pray use the years ahead

"To multiply, replenish, dig,
 To fertilize and prune,
 To irrigate and keep out tares
 (My coming may be soon)!"

"Be perfect, as My Father is
 Forgive each one who harms,
 Expect heart aches and bitter tears,
 These heal with loving arms."

Well, dear, our time is running out,
 He'll be here any day,
 Our crops are thriving, green and full
 Good time to work and pray.

If we'll still dig and spray and prune,
 And try to still pull tares,
 Wonderful harvest will be ours,
 And His--He shares--He cares.

Lovingly,
 Joe

OUR FIRST FIFTY YEARS



1971

After a pleasant year of acquaintance and another most interesting, revealing, trying, thrilling, drab, exciting, heart warming, satisfying year of courtship, we were married one cold, beautiful, spiritual, endless day in the Salt Lake Temple by Elder George F. Richards--It was OUR DAY, Lew and Margaret shared it. Father and Mother were with us.

Violet and I each knew that day, and we still know, that each brought to the other the absolute purity that the gospel asked of us. We each still know that the vows we made that day have been sacredly kept. We humbly recommend this--The Lord's Way to Happiness--to each and all of our descendants. Thanks, Father, for our true love--may we preserve it eternally as You promised.

Would you like to know a little of our story?

1921 Alpine Stake YMMIA Board--We rented Grandma Larsson's home. She and Elsa moved to California.

One year of suspense--no baby prospects.

1922 Deacons' advisor--Pleasant Grove 2nd Ward--Alpine Stake Primary Board (eighteen wards--forty-five mile radius--Model T Truck--I had odd jobs. Worked for \$2.50 per day--I helped Father in funeral work. In summer, Lew and I worked together in fruit raising, buying, and selling. About this time, Lew, Father, and I bought the first large power spraying machine to come to Pleasant Grove. Lew and I, with Roy as driver, sprayed many, many orchards in Pleasant Grove, Lindon, Manila, and American Fork for years.

1923 We bought our first home, the brick home of the late Charles Green, on the State Road south in town, with an acre of ground for \$2,000.00 which we borrowed. Ted was about to be born and he had to have a home. He came October 23rd and brought all of the thrills. American Fork Hospital bill was \$12--Dr. Grua's charge was \$25.

*Joe was so thrilled to have a son, the only boy of four grandchildren. He went to all of the stores in the vicinity and finally to Salt Lake City to find coveralls small enough for Ted. The nurses were most helpful in rolling pant legs and taking tucks so the coveralls would fit the small package. Joe stated that the hospital wasn't very quiet nor dignified on that day. Everyone joined in the fun.

1924 We put a cold water tap in the kitchen. Marvelous!

1925 Cliff Tomlinson, Cliff Harper, Joe Walker, and I went to Beaver Mountain on my first deer hunt. (Today I'm the only survivor.)

We bought our first washer, an electric!

Violet released from stake Primary board.

Elected to Pleasant Grove City Council.

December 5th--Inazelle brought new happiness that Ted had left out. American Fork Hospital again.

1926 Served on City Council.

We installed a bathroom with hot water. Heaven!

Father died December 20th. He had been in the LDS Hospital a month. May had been his special nurse. At April Conference, the Brethren had asked for experienced, older men to volunteer for six month missions. He volunteered immediately. His physical examination for this mission gave him the first knowledge that he was ill--could expect to live about six months.

*Following the death of Father, a pioneer funeral director, my brother Lew and I formed a partnership in this profession.

Lew and I did a foolish thing after Father's death. At tithing settlement a few days later, we each held back fifty dollars from our tithing and went on the record as "part tithe-payers" so we would not be "eligible" for the new bishopric.

1927 Sustained February 27th as bishop of Pleasant Grove 1st Ward with Clarence A. Gammett and Milan P. Radmall as counselors and S. LeGrande White, clerk. Ordained as bishop and high priest by George F. Richards, April 24, 1927. Lew and I paid our "held-back" tithing to me. Lew and I have always been sorry that the records show us "falsely" as part tithe-payers for that year. We have never been part tithe-payers.

I finished my first term on a city council.

Violet--Relief Society counselor to Elizabeth A. Bullock.

March 21--Brown eyes blessed our family circle. Mary came to the Lehi Hospital. We're getting a family!

1928 July 1--First counselor to President Wilford W. Warnick in the new Timpanogos Stake--Edmund Cragun, second counselor; Milan D. Radmall, stake clerk. After a few months in this great calling, we moved to Heber City on October 4 and started a new mortuary business in partnership with Lew in Pleasant Grove. We bought the Joseph A. Rasband home for \$3,000. (Later we bought additional parcels of land from Rasbands.) We lived in one room while the new Rasband home next door was built. I worked on this new home.

After we knew the Heber move would be permanent, Violet and I were released in Pleasant Grove.

1929 Remodeled for mortuary facilities after Rasbands moved out.

May 26--Superintendent of Wasatch Stake Sunday Schools with William C. Wilcox and Walter Montgomery, assistants and Owen F. Buell, secretary.

I became a member of the Heber Valley Volunteer Fire Department of which I was an active member for the next twenty-three

years under chiefs Frank Hardy, Lee Holdaway, and Earl H. Smith.

In order to supplement the company income, I started to work for Dixon-Taylor-Russell Furniture Company. I was happy working under Glen Baker and later Walter Montgomery.

*Because of Joe's innocent-vulnerable neighborliness and his sharp sense of humor, this work added spice to his life and to the lives of his associates during these busy years.

As Joe was installing linoleum for Lizy Thomas (Julian's mother), he kept eyeing a beautiful cake on the cupboard. Noticing that one piece was already missing, the temptation became too great. He cut himself a generous portion and was just sitting down at the table to eat it as Lizy appeared at the doorway. After taking the first bite of the cake he knew that something was radically wrong--it tasted awful! He couldn't offend such a sweet person so he continued to force-swallow each mouthful. She carried on a conversation with him until the last bite was gone, then couldn't contain her laughter longer. She explained that she had mistakenly added liniment instead of vanilla and that she had made him eat every bit of it as a joke on him.

Another fun incident that emerged during the time he worked for this furniture company involved Joe and Walt Montgomery. Passing Mrs. Lowrey's stand as they were returning from installing furniture in Kamas, a prank was conceived. Mrs. Lowrey had a dirty food stand out at Jordanelle where the "hermite," Uncle Sam, used to live.

Upon their arrival in Heber, Joe and Walt bought four hamburgers. They took hair from their own heads which they placed on their two hamburgers' outer edges and made many dirty finger imprints also on their hamburger wrappings. The clean-untouched hamburgers were given to the "girls" in the office. Joe and Walt strategically had pressing work in the back room. After seeing that the untampered-with hamburgers were devoured, they returned to "enjoy" theirs. They slowly discovered the preplanted hairs and smudges. Being sufficiently horrified the "girls" cried, "Where did you get these hamburgers?" Joe and Walt replied, "Up to Mrs. Lowrey's!" Becoming suddenly ill, the "girls" retreated to their homes.

February 12--Our pretty little Betty came to the Crane Maternity Home in Provo, without her doctor nor her father. Violet wanted her old doctor, already employed, so I shoveled and pushed through the canyon (with five other cars) on January 26th. She stayed with Mother. Snowslides blocked the canyon that night. I had to go around Parley's when Mrs. Springer of Midway died.

1930 Because there was no floral in Heber City, and transportation was poor, we installed such a business with a large refrigerator in our front hall. This proved to be our "night work"--Mom says "nightmare." We had a good flower business for the next six years

when we sold the same for almost nothing to Joseph and Mildred Lawrence to encourage a good floral shop here.

September 7--I was made bishop of the Heber First Ward with Thomas W. Perry and Arnold V. Johnson, counselors and Clarence Olson, later Heber M. Rasband, clerks. I was set apart by Elder David O. McKay.

About this time, I became a member of the Heber Lions Club, just after its organization, and I was a member the rest of my business life. I have always been, and still am, a member of the American Legion.

1931 May--Violet became counselor to Floretta S. Allen in Heber First Ward Relief Society.

May 25--Between the Mother's Day flower rush and the Decoration flower "swamp"--on the night Roy, sleepy from courting Arlene, wrecked our funeral coach, Mom took time out to go to the Heber Hospital to get Guy. She claims I didn't find time to get back to see them until five days later when I had to come to get a death certificate signed. Welcome Guy!

Our Heber Fire Department's "Four Man Hose Coupling Team" (really five men) won their contest at Spanish Fork at the State Convention. Our time, eleven seconds flat. Some teams were composed of high school and college athletes dressed in track suits and shoes. Our time broke the state record in this event and still stands. The team--Lee Holdaway and Carl Duke, hydrant men; Forest Dayton and Joe Olpin, hose men; and Mont Giles, nozzle man. The team rides the truck at a specified speed, hydrant men drop with hose at fire plug, other three drop at one hundred feet. We must use spanners (wrenches) to break hose coupling and attach hydrant and attach nozzle to hose. It was fun!

Inazelle's December fifth birthday created a problem. She would be nearly seven before starting school. So--Mom spear-headed a move to start kindergarten. "Miss Jennie" Edler was available for summer work, but, no place. First--the kitchen in the social hall was used. Then Mom got her eye on the neat "his" and "her" house on the courthouse-tabernacle lawns. These rest rooms were badly neglected. Boom!! The building was renovated, stenchy, soaked floors were replaced. A new usable toilet and a washbasin were installed; a cute little one-room school was created. Kindergarten was in business!

Mayor H. Clay Cummings, also a counselor in the stake presidency, asked Mom where she got her authority for this move. She answered sweetly, "Oh, I got it. If you wish that smelly, eyesore restored, we'll do it!" As usual--she won.

1932 First term--Heber City Council--H. Clay Cummings, Mayor.

~~December 1--Impetuous, piercing black-eyed Clara came without a~~
Dad nor a doctor. I don't know why we hired doctors! She was welcome--even though she did bring an earache, but also new love.

1933 Finished City Council term.

1934 Violet, Ted, and I drove back to Flint, Michigan, with Mary Mahoney's sister, Beatrice Fisher, and her two children, who were joining their daddy there. We picked up a new car; met Grandma Olpin, my sister, Lacy White, and LeGrande in Chicago; attended world fair there; and then visited my Northern Indiana Mission field. I was well received and remembered. Cousin Lola Robison and Bryan F. West (branch president) were at Muncie and we had a fine visit. After returning from this trip, Violet had a letter from her cousin, Sven, in Sweden giving her father's address in Moline, Illinois, where he had lived since 1914 (five years after Mom came over). She had not seen nor heard from him since 1905 in Falun. She and her father corresponded in Swedish regularly after this. (Yes, Violet, remarkably, had retained her old language.)

1935 May 20--Audrey was born properly, with a doctor and nurses. Possibly Mom was learning a few things at last. This gave Aud a splendid sense of humor that has blessed us all.

1936 In February, we took a bus to Moline and surprised Grandpa Larsson at his work in a cabinet and paneling factory. He did not know "Lilla Ville." We loved him. That evening, he and Violet had a very long talk in Swedish. What a pleasure it was to witness this reunion after thirty-one years when Mom was five years old.

We went on to Detroit, picked up a car, and then came back to visit Grandpa again, visiting his second wife's grave. He had married about 1915 and she died in 1922. Each time we returned, which was almost every year, we visited this grave together. Each time we saw him he tried to give Violet money which she refused to accept. He was most sweet and generous.

In March, we started to remodel our entire house, building on the high north wing. This gave us the large north living room, two new bedrooms, a hall upstairs, a new, easy stairway, two new front entries, new slumber room, our bedroom, laundry, and lovely large kitchen. We also brick veneered all of the old parts to match. The shingles are still in use today after thirty-five years. Cy Kemp from Pleasant Grove was our architect, Fred Kohler was our builder. Others worked under Fred.

*As the remodeling began, the large bay window was torn out. Sleeping areas were made along the whole length of the living room with the bedding on the floor. It was a cold and heavy winter. The children were ill most of the time with earache and flu. Joe and Violet were also very ill part of the time.

1937 January 29--Violet collapsed with double pneumonia. A bed

was brought downstairs for her to occupy and placed among the "floor beds" until the last of April. As the pneumonia symptoms began to subside, it was found that Violet had developed an additional illness, erythema multiforme. Needless to say, her condition worsened again. This caused a great deal of pain, as well as much distress from the ulcerations on her shins. It is interesting to note the many people involved in trying to manage Violet's domestic stewardship during those difficult months. Grandmother Ine moved in; Mary Sessions did the cooking and housework; Marie Ericksen served as night nurse; Lacy Duke was the day nurse; and Janette Coleman took care of the laundry.

Violet lost sixty pounds during this siege and walking had to be relearned.

Under Dr. Dannenberg's orders, Violet was sent to California by train to visit her mother. After being there for two weeks, which included Mother's Day, she felt uneasy and sensed an urgency to return home. She was met at the Salt Lake City train station by her children, Grandma Ine, and Bishop Hebe (Heber Rasband). She thus learned that Joe had had "mastoid surgery" a few days earlier and he was in the Veteran's Hospital in Salt Lake City. His illness was extremely serious. Joe noted that much fasting and prayer was involved at this time and he gave testimony that his life had been divinely preserved.

A difficult year. I was in the hospital June and July.

We "sold" our flower business to Joe Lawrence. *That summer, Joe Lawrence planted the lawn and shrubs. Violet and the older children kept busy keeping it wet. We were thrilled with our beautiful place.

Although it had been a difficult year, it was still a very good year as Violet came October 1st to cheer us up and get us well.

1938 We visited the world fair on Treasure Island (built for that purpose and as an airbase later), leaving baby Violet with Enid Duke at home. Inazelle also chose to stay home, as usual, because of her tendency to car sickness. We celebrated with Grandma, Elsa, Greta, Berneice, and Uncle Charles. We took our gas stove and cooked as we rested.

1941 June 16--Our baby came and brought all that the others had forgotten or neglected to bring. She borrowed her name from the hopeful, joyful month; and we, like she, are glad that "we didn't decide eight were sufficient."

1942 During the World War II years, I was chairman of the Wasatch County USO fund drives. We were always over our quota.

1943 March 7--Ted entered the service.

Released as bishop--made counselor to Walter Montgomery in

the Wasatch Stake High Priest Presidency; Clyde Ritchie was the other counselor; William Clark Crook, clerk. In those days, we functioned, virtually, as extra high councilmen in this office. Pleasant years.
1944 Started second term--Heber City Council--Ralph F. Giles, Mayor.

Appointed as stake home missionary.
 Made chairman of Stake Adult Aaronic Priesthood Committee with Squire Simpson as secretary.

March 14--Ted and Edith married in the Salt Lake Temple.
1945 *February 11--As we returned from Sacrament Meeting, we learned that Grandmother Ine had accidentally been hit by a truck and killed. We love to recall her beautiful, typical last day.

Finished second term--Heber City Council.
1946 Started third term--Heber City Council--Joseph Hilton, Mayor.

Lew and I dissolved partnership.
1947 In early January, Captain Guy Spotts II and wife were killed by sliding off the high turn down Daniel's Canyon from the Lodge Pole campgrounds. Little "Beaners"--Guy Spotts III, two years, was uninjured. Sheriff Charles McPhie gave him to Violet for care. We had him six weeks. He and Mom had national publicity, as did our family. Grandma Spotts and a son-in-law from Williamsport, Pennsylvania and Grandma Felin from Rock Springs, Wyoming, and her son-in-law from California, came for the court custody hearings. They were all fine people. William and Lucille Stansbury of California were given custody.

While here, Grandma Spotts, a protestant, attended stake conference when Violet was made president of the Wasatch Stake Relief Society. Later, Mom subscribed to the Relief Society Magazine for her. Some time later, Mrs. Spotts read in this magazine of the money drive, by stakes, for the new Relief Society building in Salt Lake City. She sent Violet fifty dollars to help on the Wasatch Stake quota.

Mrs. Spotts and the Stansburys have been close to us since. The former have brought the boy to see us and we have called on them in California.

In Uvalde, Texas, while on our mission, we had a telegram from Stansburys, an airmail letter from Grandma Spotts--Beaners was dead! Killed in an auto accident, twenty years after his parents.

This sweet friendship, born of tragedy, is typical of many, many similar rewards of our work that cannot be measured in money.

In February 1947, Violet became president of the Wasatch Stake Relief Society with Marion Clegg and Ruth Witt as counselors--Florence J. Nielson--later, Leah Horrocks, finally, Atha J. Montgomery, as secretary.

Violet on Wasatch Fair Board--Chairman needlework department.
 Finished third term--Heber City Council.

1948 Started fourth term--Heber City Council--Marion R. Hiatt, Mayor.

In April, we had a happy trip to California with Emma and Ace. While they went deep sea fishing, we took a train to Mill Valley to visit Grandma Larsson. Good visit with Elsa and Charles too!

April 30--Inazelle and Betty married in the Salt Lake Temple by Elder Spencer W. Kimball--Welcome George and Lowell.

July--Bought home in Roosevelt and put Ted and Edith out there in Business.

Violet--Needlework again.

1949 Finished fourth term--Heber City Council--I've had my turn--eight years in Heber and two years in Pleasant Grove.

June--Mary went on a mission to Sweden--We are proud to send a good one to Mom's fatherland.

1950 Released from being a home missionary.

I was assigned a special mission to get donations of the price of a cow (then \$300 for a good one) from a specified list. A dozen top cows were then added to the, then infant, church dairy farm at Hailstone. These were purchased by the farm committee.

During these years, Violet's Relief Society, stake and wards, were an important part of the development of this wonderful farm project. They surely supported the priesthood groups.

Mary Mahoney headed the fair needlework.

1951 In January, Guy was called to Sweden on a mission (Mary was still there). After going to the mission home, he was called back home by the draft board. His number came up. All of us were most disappointed as all proper steps had been taken with the board in advance. We were most proud of him as he, although not called into the service for a year and a half, never got bitter. He filled a real mission in Korea while in the service.

Violet--Needlework again at fair.

During Violet's presidency years, the Relief Society was assigned to get a new organ for the Tabernacle and to rejuvenate the drapes as a general renovation took place. It was a pleasure to see how happy women can be in their work. The organ funds miracled! The drapes, sent to a Salt Lake cleaner through our local cleaner, came back ruined! A dye job--invisible extensions back of the balances--and--presto! "New" drapes were born, but, not without "labor pains."

December--Mary returned from mission--Cold, cold night at Union Pacific Station in Salt Lake City--crazy missionaries arriving--crazy Saints arriving--crazy large crowd there to greet them--all didn't know enough to go in the station out of the cold

It was most thrilling. We saw the Gospel in action that night. Mary had to have a "hot dawg."

1952 In February, we bought the Archer Mortuary in Park City. It was a very heavy, cold winter with much snow.

I was released from the high priest presidency.

April 30—Mary was married to Bruce in the Manti Temple. These Swedes work fast; I guess it's the cold climate.

In August, Guy entered the army, so the milk-cow, the big garden, active duty in the fire department, all had to go. Something had to give.

Violet still on needlework at fair.

1953 February 22—Violet was released as president of the Wasatch Stake Relief Society after six years of service of which I was most proud. Welcome home, Violet.

Violet and I were co-chairmen on the fair board—over the parade. Our theme—"Peace on Parade"—It started on time!

1954 Fair parade chairman again, theme—"Dreams"—on time again. Maud Derry and I were appointed "Special Interest" leaders on the Mutual Stake Board. On July 27th we had a stake dinner party on the beautiful tabernacle lawns for "Honor your Stake President Night." We ate by families and wards—then—filled the Tabernacle for a well received program—climax—President's entire family, some from California, etc., surprised him and Ruby by coming on stage for a family reunion.

September 8—Guy and Shirley were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Guy outsmarted me and swiped my car and Mom made me drive the "newly wed" chariot to Park City for the reception; I was chagrined.

1955 August 26—"Honor Your Bishop Night"—(Special Interest)—Ate on lawns by wards—Center Ward won the prize (a dozen hymn books) by having sixty-two percent of their ward eating together. Full tabernacle again.

Clara went to Pacific Grove, California, for a good year teaching school. We visited her there.

December 28—"We Two"—winter Special Interest party in Social Hall. Brother and Sister William Young won high honors with nine married couple descendants present. Special honors also went to Brother and Sister J. W. Mahoney who had four married couple generations present.

1956 This spring, Dulce Young replaced Maud Derry on Special Interest. Both were wonderful workers and lovely to work with.

July 5—Clara married George in the Manti Temple. Earl and Olga (his parents), old BYU friends of mine, came from Connecticut early and helped get the reception ready. We lost little Roy Wasden (ask us).

August 24—"Down Memory Lane"—Special Interest party—1968

people were eating on the lawns. The dozen hymn books went to Heber 2nd Ward—seventy percent of ward eating on lawn. They had no ward Special Interest leader, so bishop's counselor, J. Harold Call, did a real job as substitute. Brother and Sister John T. M. Giles had fifty-six direct descendants present and won high honors at the program in the Tabernacle. At this party, we had twenty-three couples present who had passed and celebrated their "Golden Weddings."

November 18—Special Interest "Counting our Blessings"—Thanksgiving quarterly conference evening session.

1957 In April, I overlifted in funeral work and had to have a spine operation in May.

August 29—Special Interest pageant, "Security, Where?"—on the upper hay field at the church welfare dairy farm. We timed this event for when the hay was in the field in bales. We used bales for seats in a large, natural amphitheater. We created three baled hay "stages," two conventional, and one depicting the Tower of Babel.

The Utah Power and Light Company gave us free electricity. Many committees worked. Sound, spotlights, casts, props, everything was ready. It was to be the best and largest.

Like our other programs, the script was original poetry. It depicted that man cannot find security alone, but only through the use of the Gospel.

Awaiting darkness, we were eating by families and wards, half of stake population, all over the hay field. Suddenly—buckets of water, tubs of water, tanks of water, poured from the sky. No one stayed dry. (My wife reminds me that the rain was warm like we felt in Fiji years later.) The negro slave family (Lee Mayoh family) had their "black" run. Everybody was soaked, and almost everybody's car was stuck in the slick stubble and quick mud. Presidents Cummings, Probst, and Young, and everybody else, became car pushers.

We held this program later in the Tabernacle to an overflow crowd. It was well received, but lacked the atmosphere of our plans.

I was appointed Wasatch District Boy Scout Chairman.

1958 Made advisor—Heber First Ward priests—Overnight trip with them and Bishop Smith in Hiatt's cabin in Deep Creek.

*June 23—Audrey went on a mission to Brazil.

1959 Priests—Atwood Basin pack trip—Bishop Smith, Russ Wall, Bill Jordan, Joe Cummings, Jerry Lee, Bill Duke, Robert Hiatt, Brent Carlile, Hal Smith, Guy Olpin, Joe Olpin—Hauled horses from home in Bill Jordan's truck, Joe Lindsay's truck, my truck and trailer.

1960 March 11--Violet and Paul were married in the Salt Lake Temple. We are glad that sweet, persistently happy child could come to bless that hard, difficult year that she was born. Blessings, Violet and Paul!

Priests--Atwood Basin again--Rented most horses up at Uintah Ranch--Bishop Smith, Russ Wall, Hal Smith, Kenneth Smith, Dick Nicol, Brent Carlile, Robert Hiatt, Bill Duke, Joe Olpin.

I was called to the Wasatch Stake High Council--appointed chairman of Aaronic Priesthood committee.

I was assigned to chairman a two-day carnival for funds toward a new stake center. With Joe and Garnet Probst, Arvel and Dove McAfee, Glen and Nellie Hatch, and all of the "Stake Family." We had this affair in late August and turned over a goodly sum. We all loved doing it.

*September--Violet, June and Joe met Audrey in New York as she returned from her mission.

1961 March 24--Audrey and Dick were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Our tall, fun one, took much sunshine away from our home. Welcome in Dick.

Stake Aaronic Priesthood outing--Echo Canyon on the Mormon Pioneer Trail--Three Trailway bus loads--We had an historical script and a narrator on each bus. Dramatization of Porter Rockwell and Lot Smith at the fortifications in Echo Canyon--Stops and historical scripts at the Trail spots and at This is the Place Monument.

Released as district Scout chairman.

1962 Stake Aaronic Priesthood school bus tour of Wasatch Valley--historical, industrial, geographical, etc. We loved and appreciated our pretty valley more and more.

*July 19th--August 26th--Violet and Joe toured Western Europe with a group of thirteen people. Dr. Harold Glenn Clark and his wife, Mary Dean, were their guides.

They sought and found people with the Olpin name (unable to establish their relationship) in England. Will of North London and Edward or Edwin of Bristol were extremely hospitable.

They also visited Violet's fatherland, Sweden. Lovely visits were had with her cousins Elsa (her "look-alike") and Sven as they enjoyed their childhood reminiscences.

Violet and Joe felt a strong desire to establish bonds of kinship with relatives while on this trip, as well as open new avenues for obtaining genealogical information and develop a foundation for missionary work. (Further contact with their new acquaintances, however, was stifled as six weeks after their return, they faced the terrible tragedy of Betty's untimely--for earthlings--death.)

October 9--Betty, in the hospital for the removal of a small ganglion from a tendon on her hand, died suddenly from the anesthetic.

Lightening was never faster nor more unexpected. Little Connie was seventeen months, Guy was thirteen.

Lowell, her children, our children, relations, friends--all brought and traded love, faith, and hope. We have never had a sweeter, more loving time together as we leaned, each on the other. After nine years we love and miss her each day. Lowell and the children have done very well. They use the Gospel in their lives and we are sure they will all live to have her, and their temple promises come true.

1963 February 18--Grandpa Larsson died. A week before, notified of his illness by his and our good friend, Bertha Miller, by telephone--Violet and I flew to Moline. We stayed at his home and walked the hill to the nearby hospital. He was in a coma with only slight recognition of Violet.

Inazelle and Mary came out on the train for the funeral. It was a marvelous blessing to have them with us. We held Mormon services, local branch president, at Esterdahl Mortuary. Cousin Harry and his wife, Svea, from Rockford, Illinois, came. Several neighbors and "cronies" of Grandpa attended.

This time in Moline it was bitterly cold, ten to eighteen degrees below zero with a wind. We were grateful to have Grandpa's affairs settled and get on the train with the girls, following the afternoon funeral, and head for warmer climes. We left the Mississippi frozen over as solid as it was when the pioneers were driven out of Nauvoo. (Bless their poor hearts! How did any of them live?)

Stake Aaronic Priesthood car tour--Provo Canyon--historical, geographical--ending with a visit to BYU.

Violet was Wasatch County Mother of the Year. She was a modest "mother." We were all proud of her.

In September, June went on a mission to New Zealand South.

1964 High council transfer--Chairman of stake genealogical committee--Earl Houtz, Bill Christensen, later Reed Bezzant--Virginia Christensen, secretary.

We had a genealogy course (weekly) on English research, from Frank Smith in the old seminary--twenty-five to thirty students.

1965 Genealogy course under Norman E. Wright of BYU in the new seminary--thirty to forty students.

In March, Mom and I flew to New Zealand to see Dick and Polly and came home with June. The Marshs both took their vacations at this time and met us at the airport and took us to June in Wellington.

June, Mom, and I flew to Dunedin and spent a week visiting her mission. She was so much loved everywhere.

From Christchurch, we took a night boat to Wellington where Dick and Polly met us again. We spent the next week in their home, touring the North Island, going to the temple, to Rotorua (the Yellowstone of New Zealand), meeting Dick's children and grandchildren, and catching up on thirty-nine years since we last saw him. We were very proud of Dick and Polly and their family. We met many people who still remembered and loved Lew.

Homebound, we toured Fiji (Pan Am pilot strike kept us there two extra days) and Hawaii where we attended a Samoan temple session. We saw many things but the best were the temple, the Polynesian Cultural Center and the Church college. At the college, Geneva Winterrose, teaching there, escorted us. She also had us for a wonderful meal at her home.

I swam in the ocean each day excepting Sundays, June was forbidden to swim until her release after getting home.

Mom and I were called to the Northern Indian Mission. Entered mission home October 4th--Wonderful week--305 missionaries. Monday, on our way to South Dakota, Violet confessed to me that she could not see.

At headquarters in Rapid City, President Farmer, Rex Reeves (a former Heber seminary teacher), and all of the missionaries fasted and prayed with us. Mom was administered to. Ten days later at Hardin, Montana, our assignment, District President Carter insisted we call President Farmer who called the Brethren in Salt Lake City who then gave orders.

An examination by a Dr. Morrison in Billings pronounced her blind. We were sent home to get her "well." We came home most sad.

Dr. Homer Smith did all he could, but, like years before in her right eye, he found that the second eye had hemorrhaged with permanent damage, unless, the Lord one day chooses otherwise. Many treatments.

In December, we took an apartment in the Belvedere in Salt Lake City so Violet would be near her doctor and could walk to the Temple which she learned to do by following others through the two semaphores. She could see people but not the red, from the yellow, from the green.

1966 In February, I overlifted in funeral work again and had to have a second spine operation in April. While in the hospital, complications nearly caused my death. They said I had a trip to the "celestial kingdom." (I remember much of it.) When I "came back," I liked this place better; I fit here.

Left with an injured left leg, I had to wear a brace. I counted my blessings when I could walk without it a year and a half later in Texas.

In October, we reported that our doctors had released us and we were ready to fill our mission. We were sent to Texas where they

"needed us more."

Sweet, gracious mission parents, Sanford W. and Virginia Eliason until July 1967, and then President and Sister Elliot C. Howe--we couldn't ask for better leaders.

I was made president of the Uvalde Branch with Arthur A. Creech as counselor. Hard work, sweet associations, much travel over big Texas with other missionaries (the most travel was with Elder Elmer and Sister Martha Packer of Pocatello, who were at Crystal Springs, 39 miles). We had great trips--always good food in the trunk--always unselfishness.

We often were with our old Heber friends, Roe and Pansy Carlile and we had a few happy miles with them. We wish space could permit us to name all couples (42 at one time) and missionaries (355 at one time) just before the mission was divided in 1967.

1967 Since their holiday engagement, June and Hardy waited six whole months and were married June 30th in the Salt Lake Temple without her parents; but not exactly alone. Her "few" brothers and sisters. Deanne Hunter, Nina's daughter, was married at the same time. We met June and Hardy a couple of days later at San Antonio and had a chance to share the honeymoon. On July 4th, we went to Garner Park and "the crowd." We finally found a table for our wonderful picnic. They helped us do missionary work.

September 15--We were transferred from Uvalde to Lamesa. I was made president of the branch--more wonderful saints and friends--happy, happy year. We traveled mostly now with our old Woodland-Draper friends, Elder Heber and Sister Alice Moon Carroll who labored at Seminole, 41 miles.

1968 August 15--Transferred to Snyder (Sunday School only). We drove 48 miles to Big Spring each Sunday for Priesthood and Sacrament Meetings. Branch organized in September--President, Melvin O. Dearden, geologist for Standard Oil; First Counselor, Kenneth Allred (chemist); Second, Joseph Olpin. Pleasant, happy three months.

My brother, Lew, died October 18th. He was my childhood boss, my courting pal, my partner twenty-odd years, my loyal friend!!

We were released November 1st and were most happily surprised to find our son, Ted, waiting at the mission office in Dallas to drive home with us. We think this is one of the most loving and thoughtful tributes we can recall.

We arrived home November 4th and the whole "gang" was there to greet and love us. We were and are most proud of them all.

We voted the next day.

We love the friendly, hospitable people of Texas. These Southern (hard shell) Baptists and "eternal argument" members of the Church of Christ become, when they get a "Testimony of Truth," an "abundant harvest."

1969 In February, Mary Baird, Jeanelle, and Audrey decided to sell us a choice lot facing the mortuary parking lot. George Knight started immediately to build for us.

In April, we were highly honored, by invitation, to attend aged Sister Lillie Ellington of Snyder as she received her endowments and sealings in the Mesa Temple. It was the West Texas Stake Temple Excursion. (The district became a stake just after we left.) We knew more than fifty participants.

In May, I became group leader of Heber 6th Ward High Priests, 37 men, about 90 percent active.

In July, we moved into our "dream home" (Joe)--"old folks home" (Violet), and we love it more each day and month and year. We are sure that all of our children, and theirs, love it too. We are most grateful.

October 1--I was called as a weekly veil worker in the Salt Lake Temple. We went on Thursdays, filling our car, and some months doing 100 endowments. Violet and I did 26 each in October, November, and December.

1970 April--Again by choice invitation, we attended the marriage of Jack and Marge Hines of Lamesa and the sealing of their fine son, Danny, to his parents. Ace, Emma, and Lacy went to Mesa for this privilege. Enroute, at Monument Valley, Lacy's stomach ulcers hemorrhaged severely. We stopped overnight in Tuba City and with great prayers, some works, and medicine from our kind landlady, we continued the trip. Lacy stayed at Nina's.

Again, it was West Texas Stake Excursion and we saw many, many mission friends.

While there, we attended the second missionary farewell of Joe and Mildred Jarvis. (They had gone to Hawaii on a mission before we went to Texas. Word this November tells us they are fine in Australia.

I attended the great World Conference on Records in the Salt Palace. Business took me away from part of it, but it was a marvelous experience.

Continued temple work--Violet did 94 endowments, I did 99. On June 4th, seven of us from our car did 28 endowments.

A car accident (my error) on Christmas Day put us both in the hospital for a week and stopped our steady temple work for the present.

1971 April 5--A heart attack, followed by pneumonia, was serious for me but I recovered very well. We are not wanted "yonder" I guess;

and so with Harrison R. Merrill we will say: "Let this be heaven." We love it! In fact, it is heaven.

While I was in the hospital, our ward boundaries were changed and we are now, again, in the Heber First Ward. Now I am honored to be a home teacher with my grandson, Kenneth Knight--I have been a 100% ward (later home) teacher since being released as bishop in 1943.

Violet is a Relief Society visiting teacher with Lois Fox. She has always had this work except during her terms of presidency. She, too, has a 100% record.

*December 18th--Violet and Joe celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary (married December 21, 1921) at their lifetime home. An Open House was held from three to seven p.m. It was heart warming to experience the bounteous love bestowed by so many friends and relatives that afternoon.

Joe wrote the following invitation and announcement for this occasion:

Invitation--The family of Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Olpin of 65 East 3rd North, Heber City, Utah, will honor them at an Open House Saturday, December 18, 1971, in celebration of their Golden Wedding Anniversary. Friends and relatives may call at the Old Family Home, 288 North Main Street, Heber City, between 4 and 7 p.m. (No gifts please.)

Announcement--The family of Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Olpin of 65 East 3rd North, Heber City, Utah, wish to announce the Golden Wedding Reception of their parents to be held Saturday, December 18, 1971, at the Old Family Home, 288 North Main Street, Heber City, from three to seven p.m. They invite all friends and relatives to attend. (No gifts please.)

Mrs. Olpin was born in Sweden and came to America in 1909 with her mother and sister as converts to the LDS Church. She lived in Imbler, Oregon, seven years and then moved to Pleasant Grove, Utah.

She was graduated from Pleasant Grove High School and from the LDS Hospital School of Nursing with an RN Degree.

Mr. Olpin was born in Pleasant Grove, was graduated from Pleasant Grove High School, attended BYU, and was graduated from the Hohenschoe-Carpenter College of Embalming. He filled a mission to Northern States, 1916-18, and is a veteran of World War I.

They were married December 21, 1921, in the Salt Lake Temple. Both have had active church and civic lives.

Mrs. Olpin served in two ward Relief Society presidencies and was president of the Wasatch Stake Relief Society, 1947-53.

Mr. Olpin was bishop of Pleasant Grove 1st Ward, 1927-28,

then counselor in the new Timpanogas Stake Presidency, 1928.

He was a member of Pleasant Grove City Council, 1926-27.

Mr. Olpin was bishop of Heber 1st Ward, 1930-43, member Heber City Council, four two-year terms, member Heber Valley Fire Department 25 years, member Lions Club, American Legion, etc.

Mr. & Mrs. Olpin filled a mission to Texas, 1966-68.

Following the death of Mr. Olpin's father, Edwin D. Olpin, pioneer funeral director in 1926, Joseph and his brother, Lewis E., formed a partnership in this profession that brought the former to Heber City, October 4, 1928, to establish the local Olpin Mortuary. This partnership dissolved in 1946.

The seven daughters were all a part of the successful growth of the Olpin Mortuary.

The sons, Ted and Guy, have grown up in the funeral profession, as their father did, and each assumed management and ownership of his territory with the cooperation of their parents.

The Heber firm--then including sons Ted and Guy--expanded to Roosevelt in 1948 and to Park City in 1952.

Ambulance service was an important duty associated with these mortuaries until 1965, when the pressure of business made it necessary for Olpins to terminate this branch of their work.

The couple have nine children--namely (with mates):

Ted & Edith Helmer Olpin--Roosevelt

Inazelle and George Knight--Heber City

Mary & Bruce Wasden--Bennion, Salt Lake Co.

Betty (deceased) & Lowell Coleman--Midway

Guy and Shirley Hewitson Olpin--Heber City

Clara & Dr. George Snell--Kaysville

Audrey & Richard Haight--Sandy

Violet and Paul Loertscher--Granger

June & Hardy Anderson--Denver, Colorado

There are 52 grandchildren and 2 great-grandsons.

1972 October--A recent burial at Bluffdale occasioned me to drive over the road from there up to the state prison for memory sake. (When There's Love, pp. 20-23.)

"In my time, during summer, he (Pa) made a weekly trip (peddling), sometimes two, to Bingham Canyon, some 35 or 40 long miles. He wore corduroy pants (kinda yellowish-brownish), quite broad-toed shoes and a mustache.

"'Load-up Day' was the day we thought we hated. Up before dawn, 'get up and hear the little birdies sing!' Pick strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, blackberries, dewberries, grapes, apples, apricots, or peaches at Pete's; pull and bunch beets, radishes, lettuce (it was loose in those days), turnips, etc., and dig and sack spuds at 'the depot' (a multi-magnified acre for the raising of

vegetables). At home--pick cherries (sweet and sour), raspberries, apples, apricots, plums, prunes, tomatoes, cucumbers, etc., then bunch asparagus, rhubarb (we called it power plant, because of its unseen power), cabbage (only we didn't bunch that) and on and on. Suck the little vinegar hose and fill the ten gallon keg out of the big barrels (we made cider each fall from wormy and windfall apples, added a little 'mother' when necessary, and sold it next year as vinegar by the quart).

"Someone must run the route and pick up the eggs from many homes, and then they must be candled, but that could be and usually was done after dark.

"We must gather the veal, occasionally pigs, and put in the calf pen. They had to be killed after the flies had gone to bed or someone would have to stand and sway a leafy branch.

"We must catch chickens and fill the chicken box on the back of the wagon, and we had better not get the layers.

"I think 'load-up' always came after dark, and everyone got in the act. 'Wake up, son, you can sleep all day tomorrow on the way!' 'Light here, Light here!' (Kerosene lantern) 'Hammer, quick! Pick it up anyplace! Now this, now that.' 'Son, sack oats from the granery bin for the horses, and strap on the nose bags!' And Ma would always pick more, pull more, candle more and still always have the best meals in the world, and the best temper.

"Then up at 3 a.m. Grain Old Nell and Bird (the baldies)--later years Doll, Kit and Nell; cuff 'em, harness 'em, load the veal (they must be well-covered with all the bedding to keep the cool in and the dust out), and then--BREAKFAST! How could a kid eat that much that early in the morning? Now ten to twelve long, weary hours--not nearly so romantic then as they look on Wagon Train, or as they seem now in memory's eye. We broke the day with noon at Hamilton's in Riverton. Good dinner (we couldn't pay, but Pa left fruit) and kids our ages to play with. Then peddle up to the barn (the livery stable where we nighted our team and carried our bedding up the ladder into the hay loft to make a bed for a king.) We had earlier gone to the butcher shops and unloaded our veal.

"Before the barn we would sell Mrs. Main (not too clean, and her daughters had babies whether they were married or not), Mrs. Grant (the sheriff's wife), Mrs. Tibble (our best customer), etc., etc. About dark we'd go to the barn. We were not tired, but the horses were. We'd supper out of the 'grub box' and Ma always had it plenty good, bless her!

"Long evening ahead--about a dozen men and boys in the old office, or on a warm evening, on the bench in front. Stories,

'just starting to get good, 'Well, son, let's get to bed. Big day tomorrow and I'm sleepy.' And I just might get two or three words of a good, ripe story as we ascended the ladder.

"If no one else was in the loft, we'd kneel to pray. Otherwise, we'd pray with his arm around me, which I surely loved. Then a long hard day peddling the camp and Upper Bingham where the Utah Copper started its mine at this time. It is now the Kennecott Copper Mine and has bought out all of the canyon to make one of the biggest mines in the world. Then up Carr Fork and Highland Boy.

"We'd have dinner, and a good one, at the Bingham Hotel. Joe Lerwill, proprietor and Theodore, waiter. The latter was a Greek who married a Whiteley girl from Lindon. We would usually sell out first; gather up our empties; make our call-back collections which Pa recorded in his little indexed account book with his eternal stub pencil; and make it home later afternoon, evening, or night. It took less than half the time empty. The well-fed, well-worked team always wanted to hurry home, and trotted most of the way. Then we often took the 'cut off' and waded along the big canal.

"As we would start home, Pa would say, 'Here, son, hide this.' He would give me his long, heavy purse which I would conceal under bedding and boxes. He would get rid of the weight and the danger of robbery. In those days, we saw few greenbacks--money was mostly silver and gold.

"As we came in sight of home, the kids would come running to ride home with us, and I'm sure, to find out what the treat was (Pa never failed them)."

1973 October--congestive heart failure.

1974 March--California with Guy, Shirley and family--most enjoyable--tales of Brian and his crab amused all but Brian.

September--St. Mark's Hospital--Dr. Roy E. McDonald--findings: liver and kidney damage--treatment: keep Joe comfortable.

During the last years of this, his second estate, Joe developed patience surpassed only by Job. Patience had not been a previous virtue of this near-perfect man.

With each breath, he expressed gratitude for every blessing and kind deed no matter how small. His ailing, frail body anchored his unrelenting, zealous spirit. This provided his children with a time for frequent visits of reminiscing and love.

His children are haunted by the memory of his last birthday. They didn't "stop to smell the roses." They organized a work-detail to clean Joe and Violet's home--it really didn't need it--but they wanted to be helpful. As they were cleaning, every few minutes Joe would say, "Let's stop now--Mom's house is clean--let's start the party." They continued their project of love until the house was spotless. Finishing in the master bedroom, exhausted they sank to the

floor, ate their lunch, visited for a few minutes, but then their time was spent--causing them to rush to their homes and family duties.

1975 Failure of sight--Dr. Oakes, Provo.

February 5--Joe, Violet, with their sons and daughters, gathered at their home for a family genealogical meeting. Their agenda was set aside as Joe officiated in his patriarchal stewardship. Some of his counsel included:

1. Live Gospel, keep close to Church, keep all commandments
2. Pay for what we receive--no debt
3. Keep our homes in good repair, clean, in order
4. Church activity and living Gospel bring true happiness
5. Example of Joe's father when he called his children together
 - a. Didn't have great wealth
 - b. Had invested to help the community grow and develop
 - c. Hadn't invested in things to make wealth for self

Joe wrote the following to them:

After six months of serious illness (in and out of hospitals); Mom's unselfish, endless, patient care, devotion and love; the sweet attention, interest and help from you all; I just had to express it in my own humble way:

My heart is very full today,
I'll have to write as well as pray,
And tell my love for each of you
For how you live and how you do.

We do not have a selfish child,
Or quarrelsome, wayward, bad or wild.
You each bring joy and hope and love,
And Heaven's blessings from above.

When you come home to quilt or clean
We never hear a word that's mean.
You bring sweet heaven when you come,
Divide it up and each take some.

And, be it picnic, wedding, fair,
You, none of you, can find a chair
Until the dishes are all done,
And floors are clean, and "chair times" come.

You're all "pitch-in-ee" like your ma,
The sweetest thing I ever saw.
You each have time for Church's call,
I believe you each would give your all.

The Savior said, "If you'd be first,
Be servant, "Feel like I would burst!
And Mom shares every thought with me,
She's just as proud as she can be.

Now, Mom and I have been so blessed,
I'm sure we never could have guessed
We'd had this sickness and expense
No problem to us! Don't make sense!

Small, full-tithed savings seem to grow;
Our tithed insurance makes us know
If we would overcome inflations,
We better heed the Lord's quotations.

If we're all brain washed, like they say,
It seems to wash our hates away,
It cleanses us of lust and greed
And leaves the love, and things we need.

And so, right soon, we hope to share
Inheritance that we can spare.
You helped to make it, all you nine,
And all of you are Ma's and mine.

This was Joe's letter to June & Hardy summarizing the evening:

February 15, 1975

Dear June, Hardy and the Js:

Now your promised report from last nite. All present but Shirley who was in the Heber Hospital again for her asthma. (She is home this morning.)

Ham and everything was the menu and my milk toast was good. I eat better now. Everyone brought part of the food and all had fun. Mom and I had envelope place-cards in rhymes. No one guessed them all. I'm enclosing a list if you two would like to try your clever heads and see what you can come up with. You may report by number as I have a carbon of your list. You couldn't guess #1 as it is based on an incident. During our siege Guy noticed that we were using Mom's famous clean white rags for hankies. He brought over two large boxes

of new, large, men's hankies. We refused and Mom repented in sack cloth and ashes. The rest are possible for you if the grey matter works right. Report back for corrections, by number.

After dinner I announced that I had given this home away. I then read my new poem and everyone opened their envelope. I talked about "inheritance"; From my parents with no friction to we eight; from Mom's Dad which she turned to you all; from Grandma's (Larsson) estate of which we never heard, but which caused no friction (thanks to Mom's greatness).

Of how Paul's computer couldn't figure out how you kids stand. Three of you have had missions; six-college (part have paid their own), some have had business advantages.

I paid tribute to my fine boys who had made our business expansion possible--Ted in the Basin--Guy and Shirley in the Park City area--how both territories had developed under their wonderful service--how both, with our good reputation, had built and held the business of almost all people who moved away with the economy 20-30 and 40 years ago. We couldn't have done this without them.

How Ine & George, Guy & Shirley, and their families had been angels thru our hard winter--How all of you had helped as you could.

How proud we are that all of you bought good, new homes at the right time and were keeping them up well so they would keep their value, repairing and painting before scale makes it ten times more expensive. How your homes have all doubled in value, including ours.

How, last summer I was trying to paint our house outside--Guy observed that I was failing a bit and he and Mark found time to give our house two coats--we bought the paint.

How Elder Simpson, Ass't. to the 12, at our recent Quarterly Conf. told us a few luxuries were alright if we waited until we could pay cash for them--we recalled that our European and New Zealand trips came in that category and that we had the cash--that our recent ninety dollar gas log (for feebles and for safety) was the same.

How, last month, we had Pres. Call come and help us bring our will up to date. We had suddenly realized that the old one had been done just before Betty died and was now inadequate; Ted's remarriage had also changed things. We will explain when we see you, but, part of this was to put the home in Mom's name only and her making a deed to our living kids.

How there might be a bit left for each of you if we don't meet with disaster--How you can put me out of the house if Mom

dies first.

We loved and loved--can you feel it? We all missed and loved you
and wished you were here.

So long-

G. & G.

We'll let Shirley read this so she'll see what she missed.

February 18th (Tuesday)--5:15 p.m.--Joseph Olpin was called beyond the
veil. His funeral was held Friday, February 21, 1975, in the Heber
First Ward Chapel and he was buried in the Heber City Cemetery.

*In various places throughout his manuscript, Joe indicated a desire
to expand on a subject. Violet has provided the necessary information
in these areas and they are noted with an asterisk.

It has been the privilege of two daughters, Audrey O. Haight and Clara
O. Snell, to compile and edit this work of Joseph & Violet Olpin.